

June
27,
1930

Life

Price
10
Cents



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by Sir Anthony Van Dyck,
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GOODYEAR

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... THERE ARE DOZENS
OF WAYS TO REMIND HIM



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The Great Imitator

Mankind's most dangerous enemy is syphilis. It takes the form of many diseases, masking as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion or nervous breakdown. It may seem to be a form of skin, eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble.

Most tragic of all, it often attacks the brain and spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and insanity—a life-long tragedy. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

In certain general hospitals, as high as 30% of all patients were found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. Yet many of its victims had not known what was robbing them of health and strength until a medical examination, including blood and spinal fluid tests, revealed their condition.

Syphilis can usually be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient *faithfully and persistently follows the complete treatment prescribed by his doctor.* If the early stages are

neglected, cures are less certain, but a great deal can still be done to relieve suffering.

It is estimated that about thirteen million persons—one out of ten—in the United States and Canada have or at some time have had syphilis. Because of fear and ignorance, millions of victims have been imposed upon by quacks, charlatans and black-mailers pretending to practice medicine.

A most effective way to reduce the amount of syphilis is the pre-natal treatment of mothers suffering from this destructive disease.

Parents and teachers owe it to those dependent on them for education and guidance to replace secrecy by knowledge, frank instruction and friendly advice. Physicians, health departments, and social hygiene societies willingly offer their aid.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it. Ask for Booklet 730-F.



NOTE: The Metropolitan first published "The Great Imitator" in January, 1928. Since then, leaders of public health organizations and directors of big business have requested that it be republished and that booklets be provided for wide distribution. The booklets are ready.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
 FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
 ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Life



"Have you any suggestions for the mother of triplets?"



"Geel I wisht I was a few years older."

The Fourth of July Picnic

The plans for an early start. The rushing around. The slicing of bread. The deviling of eggs. The selecting of second-best knives and forks and spoons. The lining of the lunch-basket with newspaper. The packing of the basket. The stowing of it in the car. The piling in of quilts to sit on. The climbing in of the family. The fastening of a flag to the radiator-cap. The final checking-up as to whether anything has been forgotten. The settling comfortably back. The discovery of the flat tire. The recalcitrant jack. The broiling sun. The cheery optimism of grandmother in the rear seat. The change to the spare. The plan to get the flat fixed on the way. The re-embarking of the family. The second start. The smooth road.

The rising spirits. The picnic grounds. The unpacking in a shady spot. The enthusiasm concerning it. The expressed surprise that the other picnickers had not already appropriated it. The sauntering-up of the broad-shouldered man. The nickel-plated star. The announcement that that place is reserved for the afternoon sports. The disgruntled removal to a less-favored site. The cheery optimism of grandmother. The spreading of the luncheon cloth. The mysterious hillocks beneath. The large gray spider that scurries across it. The pickle jar that refuses to stand upright. The missing salt-shaker. The cake with the darkening discs of banana. The second spider. The assigning of the family to places. The passing of sandwiches. The vague flavor of vanilla over everything. The third and fourth

spiders. The finish of the meal. The repacking of the basket. The adjournment to the flag-draped speaker's stand. The introduction of the congressional candidate. The cutaway coat. The rhetorical cannonade. The passing of the first hour. The uninterrupted flow of words. The grandiloquent finish. The hearty applause. The women's nail-driving contest. The earnest-featured winner. The aqueous lemonade. The antique pink popcorn balls. The lengthening shadows. The preparations to return home. The flat tire. The recollection that the spare had not been repaired. The laborious application of a cold patch. The gathering of night. The homeward journey. The clipped sentences. The arrival after midnight. The awful thought that July 5 and 6 are also holidays.

—E.B.C.

How to Get a Fly Out of the Soup

Speak about etiquette to fly. Fly will be humiliated. Will think self is eating wrong course. Will leave soup alone. Begin with hors d'oeuvres.

Snub fly. Induce guests to harp on fly's faults. Fly will be embarrassed. Will feel out of own element. Go back into atmosphere.

Talk aviation to fly. Fly will become air minded. Will take off out of soup. Do stunts about table. Crash on butter plate.

Inform fly prolonged hot bath will sap strength. Fly will emerge from soup. Will sprint to finger bowl. Take cold plunge.

Hand Turkish towel to fly. Fly will be intrigued. Will step out to dry self. Walk off with towel.

Obtain large piece of fly paper. Place in soup. Fly will become attached to paper. Will leave when same is withdrawn. Settle down for life.

—W. W. Scott.



"You'll have to leave out a shirt or two if you're going to close it."

A centenarian died the other day after seeing an auto for the first time. Evidently he didn't see it soon enough.

It would be interesting to listen to a discussion between the Ten Commandments and the Nineteen Amendments.

An Idle Idyl

Sir Galahad, a gay young blade
While loping off to Blighty,
In passing through a woodland glade
Espied fair Aphrodite.

"What ho!" quoth he "And by my rood!
A sightly caterpillar!"
Then leaped into an Evinrude
And firmly grasped the tiller.

She coughed, the boat of course I mean
And leaped along the water.
She smiled, no not the boat. Serene
She seemed. He caught her.

An interlude did intervene
Till Gal rode back from Blighty
And then she moaned, the girl, I mean,
"Alas! I've lost my knightie."

—F. W. H.



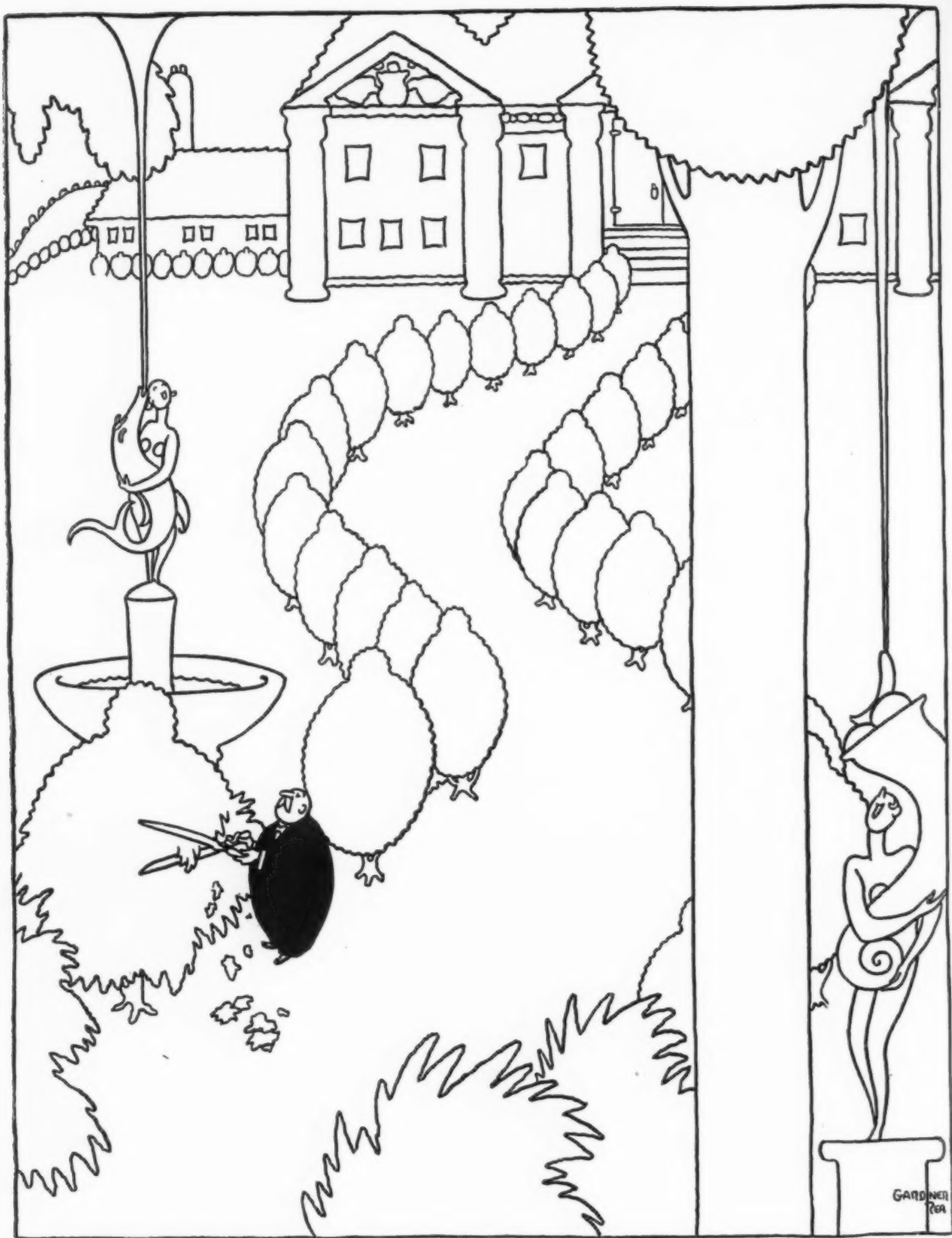
"—so I sez—'After this, Fanny, if you can't lose like a lady—I'm gonna sell the —ping-pong table'."

Answers Requested

ABOUT FLOYD GIBBONS: Why does he all talk at once?

The Winnah!

"So Joe was the life of the party?"
"Yeah. He was the only one who could talk louder than the radio."



The Egotist.



"I like his voice, but I don't care for his personality."

Imaginary Interviews

(Edgar Guest)

"How would you like to be interviewed?" I asked Edgar Guest. We were seated in his house, which a heap of living had transformed into a home.

Of course it took him a few minutes, but he answered:

*"Although it takes some pain and time,
Although I'd rather go and fish,
I like to help the man who asks,
I like to please his every wish."*

"That's nice of you, Mr. Guest," I said. "Thanks very much. I'd like—"

But the gentle poet had raised his hand in a gesture of deprecation, and said:

"Pray do not murmur a word of thanks—

*The trees are given to us gratis.
We don't have to thank for the little bird's pranks*

*Or even for a head of lettuce.
All Nature is here for us to use,
A plenteous store for all of us,
For Catholics and Protestants and Jews
And—"*

The good poet seemed to be in a quandary.

"Let me see," he said. "What rhymes with 'all of us?'"

"Omnibus," I suggested.

He threw me a pitying glance. I muffed it.

"How about 'gall of us?'" I suggested hopefully.

"Oh, well, never mind," he said. "I'll

think of something later on, and if I don't I'll call it blank verse. Now what is it you wanted to ask me?"

I consulted my notebook.

"Who," I inquired, "do you consider the greatest American poet, Robinson or Frost?"

The genial poet rose to his feet, looking at me somewhat queerly and murmured,

*"I really hate to do it
Because I have the gout
But though perhaps I'll rue it,
I'll have to kick you out!"*

But by that time I was nowhere to be found.

—Arthur Silverblatt.

Grounds for Divorce

Singing or turning on the radio first thing in the morning.

Eating, reading, smoking or snoring in bed.

The fresh air mania . . . taking cold showers . . . constantly talking about taking cold showers.

Messing up the morning paper . . . the inability to make satisfactory coffee . . . rhubarb for breakfast.

Phoning the office . . . visiting the office.

The mania for changing furniture around . . . for giving clothes away . . . for painting things.

Saving string, pennies, match-books, stamps . . . collecting of any kind.

Inability to darn socks, sew on buttons, fix doorbells.

Craze for painting china and pasting together broken pieces of crockery.

Tap dancing.

Discussing private affairs with the neighbors . . . discussing the neighbor's private affairs with you.

Scrambling eggs with milk . . . serving limp celery.

Twins.

—Carroll Carroll.

\$100 takes six-footed calf. Peter Laux, Menasha, Wis.

*Ad. in the Billboard.
You can keep it, Peter.*



"Can I have your wheels, mister?"



Life Looks About

Einstein Again

The universe has been whispering still more of its secrets into the perceptive ear of Dr. Einstein, and our sympathy goes out to the twelve men who have understood him all these years.

New revelations are promised, telling all that remains to be told about space and matter. Space, it seems, is pretty formidable stuff after all, not just an accommodating nothingness used as padding between, say, a political speech and a national issue. Space is eating up matter, and that phrase, according to the doctor, is about as near as language can get to the abstruse mathematics of cosmology.

Most interesting is the apparently tremendous news value of this scientific mysticism. Dr. Einstein's preliminary announcement, understood by practically nobody, was given front page space in scores of newspapers, although it is true there were no important murders

to distract readers from serious thinking.

Evidently today's public is more fascinated by mystery than by straight drama with a beginning, a middle and an end. The mystery in a bottle of bootleg liquor, the mystery of what Mr. Hoover really thinks, the mystery of Bobby Jones' golf swing, the mystery of the universe. The greatest news in this enlightened age must have an element of the unknown. Solved murders are soon forgotten, and when Einstein really wishes to have the world let him alone, he has only to make himself clear.

It is understood that Emil Ludwig has completed his next biographical volume and he and his publishers are going into conference next week to decide whose biography it will be.

We don't think the recent Chicago killings mean that the Capone-Moran truce is broken: They might be having what are technically known as peace maneuvers.

We say let the unemployment situation alone. Baseball games have to have people watching them, don't they?

The average man considers himself entirely out of debt when he owes nobody but doctor and dad.

It must be frightfully boring for those other trout to live in the same brook with the one that got away from the President.

Our idea of the supreme accomplishment in press agenting would be getting Clara Bow engaged to H. L. Mencken.

Of the 430 members of the Princeton graduating class 344 are engaged to be married. Princeton is not a co-educational institution.

Maybe Dr. McBride thinks Prohibition is a success because somebody told him that most of the cops spend most of their time looking for whiskey.

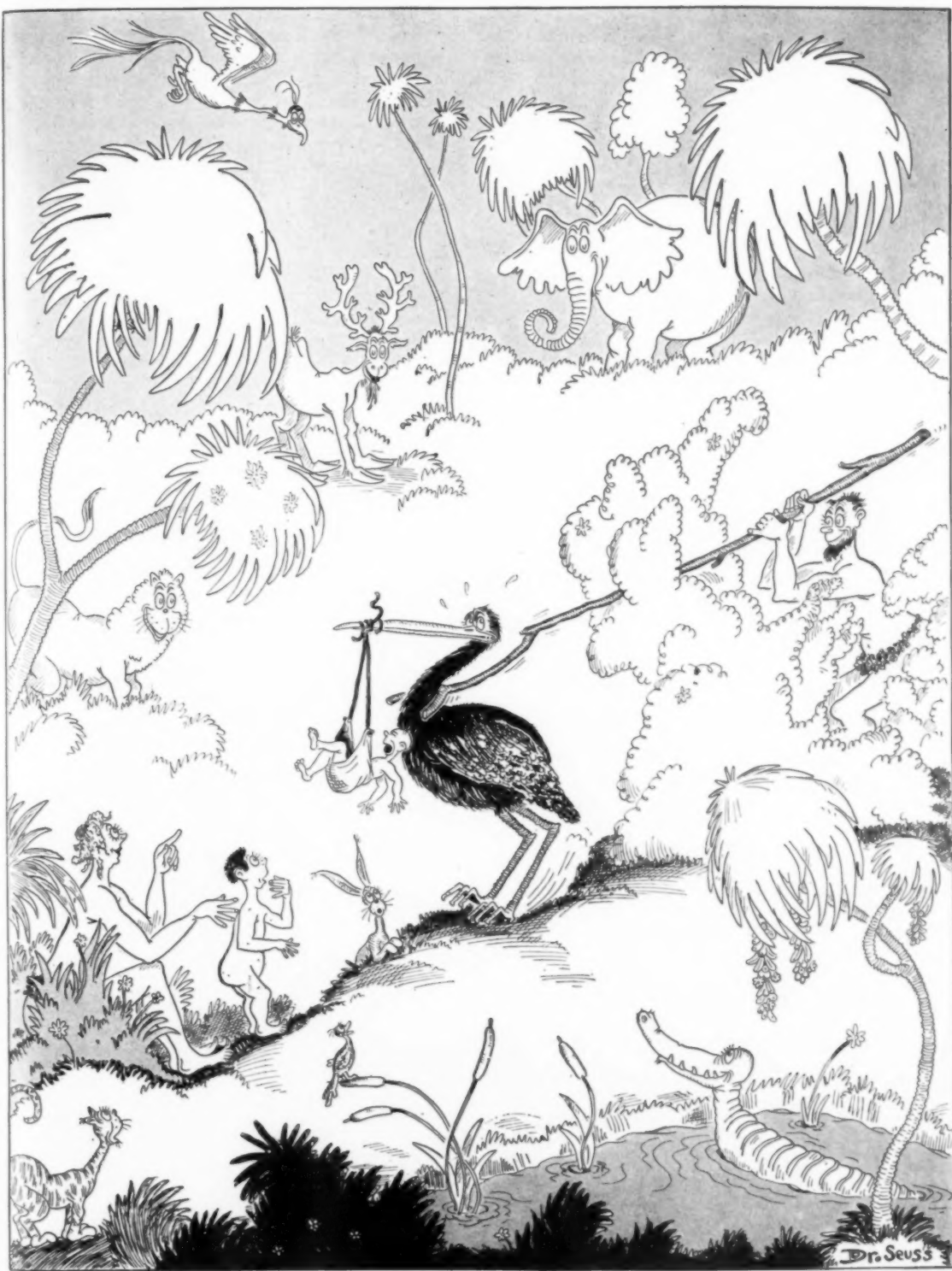
Those who maintain that boxing, baseball, horse racing and other sports are crooked are now trying to find who framed the Constitution.

People, they say, will soon be able to steer boats by television. All we ask for is a rocky coast and a good televue of our summer neighbor's outboard motor boat.

An airplane recently had the misfortune to crash in a patch of spinach. Being of the two-seater sporting type, it was not large enough to do any considerable amount of good.



"Taste that salt, old man, it's the real stuff!"



UNSUNG BEASTS WHO MADE GREAT HISTORICAL EVENTS POSSIBLE.
The stork is persuaded to reveal the facts of life to little Cain.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

JUNE 6—Up betimes and did on my rose beige tailleur, having a fine flower to wear in its lapel, and so by the noon train to Cooperstown, going at once into the diner, which is my chiefest delight in travelling, and the steward gave me a dollar too much change, and seemed astonished when I returned it to him, and I am sure that the lovely lady sitting opposite me could not but have hoped that if ever the beautifully matched pearls which she was wearing were to be lost, they would be found by somebody of my scrupulousness. Probably a vain wish, for it does seem that finders turn out invariably to be keepers, and I should like to know, out of sheer curiosity, who is now carrying my gold cigarette case. Met by Samuel at Palatine Bridge, and so motored through the charming countryside for an hour, fetching up at Mary Lowe's for tea, and finding Bill Fanshawe there, and Bren

Hyland, and two of the masters from Mr. Beasley's school, and Bill told me of a woman of her acquaintance who had knelt down in the aisle to say her prayers the first time she was ever in a sleeping-car, and had been stumbled over by a travelling salesman who dislocated his shoulder in the fall. Dinner at the Fenimore, where we are stopping, impressed and a little saddened by the sight of so many schoolgirls dressed up in pink taffeta for their Commencement festivities, and downright miserable over their poor fathers who looked like lambs led to the slaughter, and paying the bills into the bargain. To bed early, reading in Aldous Huxley's "Brief Candles", which is the best book he has done in a long time, and I did like in especial the description of Maggie Spindell, who "had that awful genteel middle-class food complex which makes table manners at Lyons' Corner Houses so appallingly good—that haunting fear of being low or vulgar, which causes people to eat as though they weren't eating. They never take a large mouthful, and only

masticate with their front teeth. And they never touch anything with their fingers. I've actually seen a woman eating cherries with a knife and fork at one of these places."

JUNE 7—In a great wax this morning to find my new flat crepe, which I have never had on my back save for fitting, covered with spots, so that I was at some pains to converse amiably with Hattie Carfield, who does always come to call too early in the day and is afflicted with a missionary spirit which I could suffer better if she had a finer taste in millinery and kept her nose powdered, for it is difficult for me to believe that I can get much spiritual help from a woman who does not know enough to keep the seams of her stockings straight. But Mary, thank God, did cut short my misery by sending me a peremptory summons to sit in at a game of contract, promising to have popovers if I would stay to luncheon, so I did, and gained three dollars. And once during the play I did bid four spades originally, wishing to stop

(Continued on Page 28)



A personal friend of John L. Sullivan.



"D'ya mind a little grin, Mister—th' chisel slipped!"

Tennis Terms Defined

Fault: Always your own when you lose the point, and your partner is pretty enough.

Backhand: The type of compliment you usually receive about your game.

Side-lines: Where the bird is sitting who says: "Hold your racket a little tighter, and watch the ball more carefully."

Overhead: The cost of a new racket after you smash yours over the net-post after missing an easy shot.

Volley: —Consisting entirely of jeers when we play.

Set-up: You need four of these after

you're through with a long match in the sun.

Ball: The peculiar white object you could have sworn you knocked into the clump of trees fifty yards behind the backstop.

Service: What you get darn little of from the ball boys.

Doubles: A game where your partner misses the occasional shots you'd have made successfully if playing alone.

Racket: The rake-off the pro gets when your stringing gives out after the second time you play.

Davis Cup: A good old Anglo-Saxon trophy which has been in France for the past three years.

—Parke Cummings



"Now let's see your name is—?"

"Joe McGinty, ah hunnert and thoity pounds."

(12)

To A Beautiful Bridge Partner

(News item: "Noted contract bridge expert declares that sex appeal has no place at the bridge table.")

Phyllis, you are fair indeed.
Manly hearts are prone to bleed
At your delicate disdain,
And I wish to make it plain
That I love you dearly, yet
You must count your tricks, my pet.

Yours, a skin I love to touch
But it doesn't matter much
How divine it is, if you,
When you have the right support
And an ace to hold the fort,
Fail to raise my bid of two.

You have such a darling nose,
And I struggle in the throes
Of your dimpled smile, but still,
If you got us in a jam
When we had a chance at slam,
Your attraction would be nil!

Haunting are your eyes of brown,
And you wear a stunning gown,
Yet I'll feel much more at ease,
When a no-trump bid you make
And the rubber is at stake,
If you'll watch the discards, please.

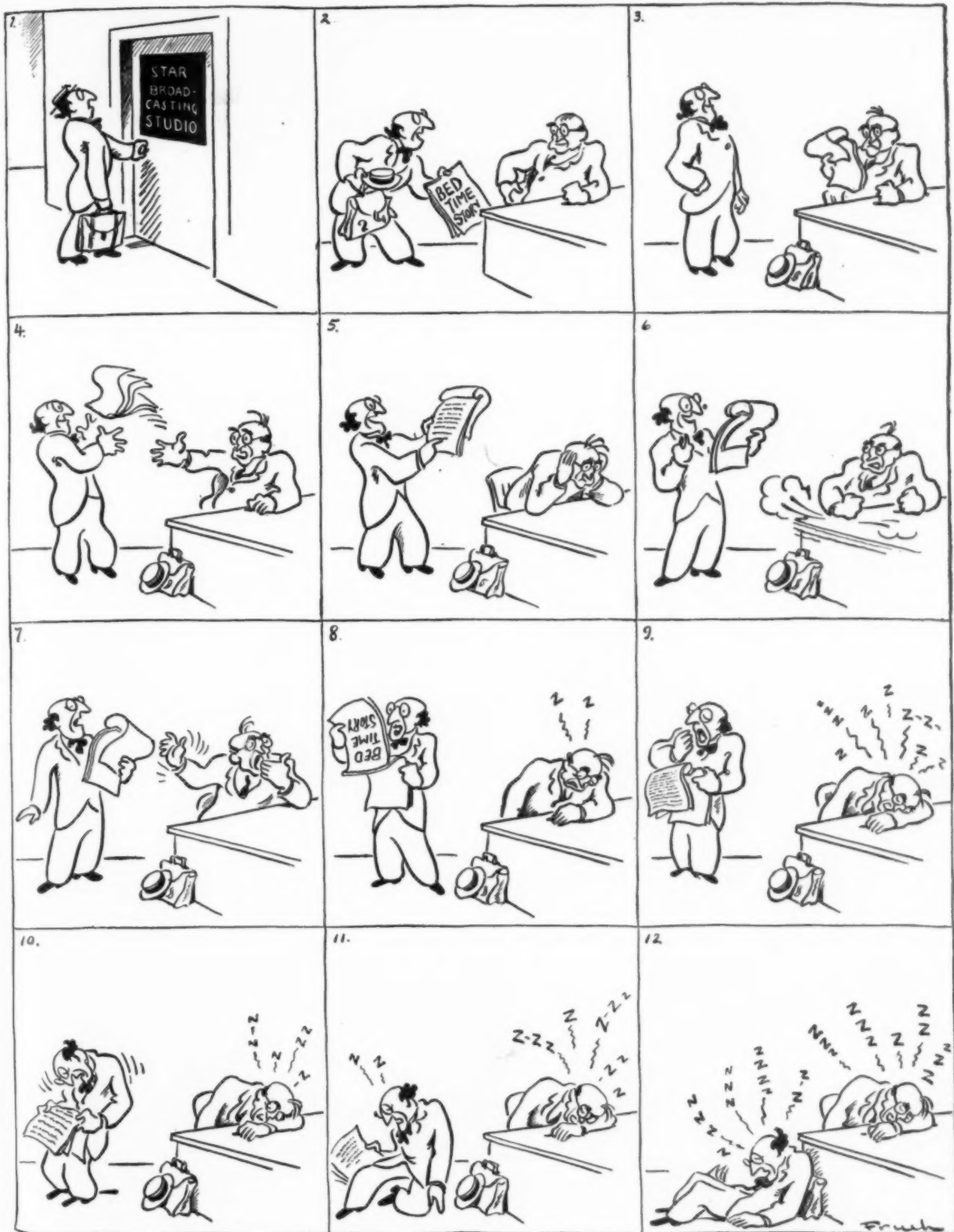
Don't be angry when I say
You must use your wits, to play.
Beauty isn't worth a whoop
If it puts us in the soup.
So—before we start to deal,
Lady, park your sex appeal!

—Ruth Vesely.

It was brought out in a Chicago divorce trial that by driving 600 miles in one day a man reached home in time to find his wife packing to run away with his best friend. Let this be a lesson to fast drivers.

A medical journal finds dentists have large feet because they stand while at work. It's either that or else dentists with small feet are soon swallowed up.

There are so many American tourists in Paris this summer that the French, working day and night, may not finish them until late fall.



Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Conclusion

THE dining room of the big Fifth Avenue house where the Smiths had kenneled for three generations exuded an air of solid peace; the deceptive peace of affluent ease. If on this July night one could have peeped in at them one would have said, "Ah," and "Tch-tch." One would have gone away feeling better for the sight of such harmony because, for instance, one would not have been able to hear Mrs. Smith say, "Rob, I've come back to you, but you can just behave yourself from now on, see?"

Or Mr. Smith answer, "Hurr, hah! Best behaved husband extant. You should jump all over me!"

Or Bobby Smith chirp up as the new butler entered the room, "Saved by the bell."

The traditional servant-in-the-room silence lasted until the butler had gone off with the roast.

Then Nancy said, "Poor old Willing! What a hell of a thing to go through!"

"Poor old Willing, me eye," said Bobby. "Did you see the headlines about him in tonight's papers? He'll play to packed houses on vaudeville appearances for the rest of his life."

"I wonder," said Nancy.

"Don't," said Bill. "It makes you look so plain."

The new butler returned with the wine. He served it without pouring the top of the bottle in Smith's glass before helping the others. It made Smith furious. He "hurled" and he "harred" and blew through his whiskeys. When the man left the room Bunny said, "Miss him, don't you?"

"Yes," said Smith. "You know it's funny, but I was just thinkin'—"

Mrs. Smith interrupted with, "Yes, it is."

He ignored her and went on. "Was just thinkin'," said Smith, "it's funny how here we all were, sore as hell at each other an' scattered all over the place, then Willingdrift slips an' gets himself in a muddle, an' by crackety here we all are back again, havin' a wonderful time fightin'." He leered happily at his wife. "Eh, Em'ly?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith.

Then Bobby spoke up. He said,

"You know, that guy had something on every one of us. What jam had he gotten you out of, Ma, that made you come back from Newport all of your own accord?"

Mrs. Smith colored. She said, "Why, nothing. I-I just thought it was the thing to do."

"Well," said Bobby, "I know what he did for Bill and Nancy. I know what he did for Bunny and me that brought us back from Europe. I can imagine the number of times he must have dug Pa out of some pretty hot ones, so I was just wondering about you, that was all."

"Enough!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, Ma," said Nancy. "Melodramatics—" "Enough!" she cried hoarsely!

Mrs. Smith looked at her daughter. One could imagine the 'orgnette. She said, "I meant that Willingdrift had done quite enough for me to make me want to help him."

"Bill was the one who saved his scalp," said Nancy.

Then for the first time Bill told them what had happened in the Judge's chambers after they had gone; told them Willingdrift's own story, as it had been told to him when Willingdrift thanked him after the Judge left the room.

The family listened intently. When Bill came to the part about Willingdrift meeting Suzanne at the theatre, Mrs. Smith sniffed audibly and Smith made noises intended to convey the fact that his eyes were moist because he was coughing. When Bill finished, for the first time in any of their lives, the Smiths thought of Willingdrift as a man.

"I wish he had come back to us," said Bobby. "I really think he should have, don't you, Pa?"

"Probably sick of the sight of us," said Smith.

"Of some of us," said Mrs. Smith.

"That's just what I meant," said Smith. "But you know, I don't blame the feller for not. After all, you see he's not really a butler."

"That priceless lad who passed the wine," said Bobby, "isn't a butler, either."

"Haw," said Smith. The word wine suggested something to him. He yawned around in his chair for a few seconds and rose to his feet.

"Bane," he said, and got stuck.

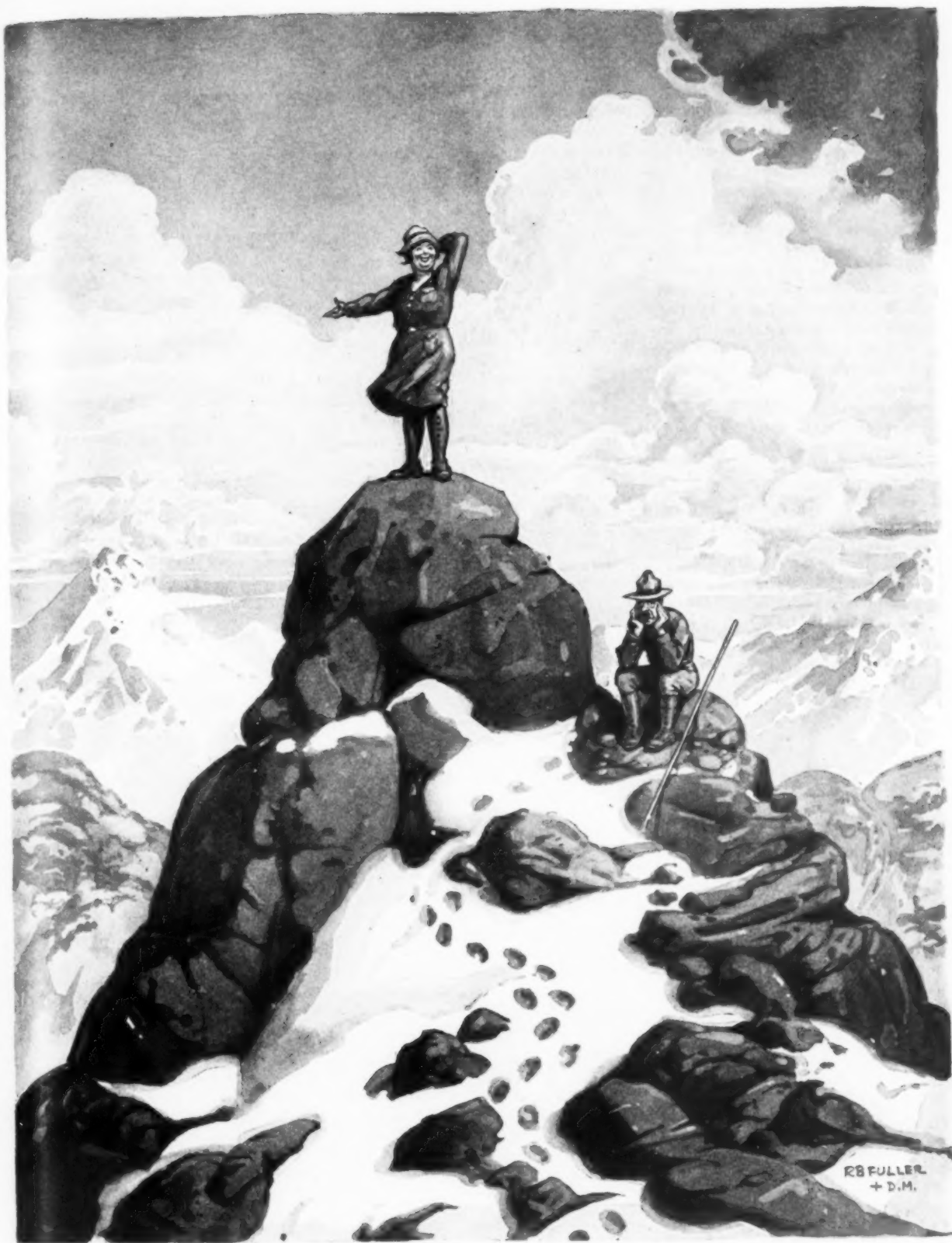
"Bane Swede?" said Nancy.

"Bane," said Smith again, "—although—hurr," he sounded like a cold engine starting in winter. Finally he got going.

(Concluded on Page 28)



The pantry door swung open and Willingdrift stood before them.



"Well, what of it, Alice—don't we live in a penthouse?"

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

LYSISTRATA", the old Aristophanes comedy which has been drawing our local drama-lovers to Philadelphia in droves, has finally opened in New York, with results which have beggared the reviewers of adjectives, and are causing our citizenry to part with a considerable sum for a glimpse of it. The prevailing idea seems to be an astonishment that anything so hilarious and plain-spoken on a sex subject could come out of the classics, an idea derived largely, I am sure, from a grim memory of too limited "required reading". That Aristophanes could handle a bawdy theme so much more cleanly and sanely than later writers who are unable to attack the same without leering is no news to me, for I have sadly come to realize that there is nothing new in cerebration under the sun except the discoveries of science; that authors, however original and world-beating their inspirations may seem to them, will find, upon a little research, that some ancient Greek or Roman said it all long ago. It is a sad thought, and also one not directly concerned with the business of this department.

The marked success of this old comedy's revival is due to Mr. Norman Bel-Geddes, who has supplied it with a setting and *tableaux* of great beauty, and to Mr. Gilbert Seldes, who has made the original text more comprehensible and acceptable to present day audiences. (Right here we must give Aristophanes a big break, because if you want what academicians might call the real dirt on "Lysistrata", you will find it in the extremely literal translation of William James Hickie, M. A. This translation will also give you a fair idea of the enormity of Mr. Seldes's task and the skill with which he accomplished it). Mr. Bel-Geddes's excellent work is particularly fortunate, because nothing equals the slightest defection in scenery or costuming in making a classical revival seem like Senior Dramatics at our minor colleges or the unprofessional efforts of a well-meaning neighborhood group. An ill-fitting tunic or a misplaced helmet will provoke laughs which were never nominated in the author's bond. In this connection, I probably got more real enjoyment from a performance of "Lysistrata" given some years ago

by a group of local suffragists who had impressed their husbands and sweet-hearts into service for the male roles, and which resulted in a pathetic exposé of weird calves and knee-caps belonging to some of our worthiest and most prominent citizens.

I am sorry to confess, in spite of all the beauty and hilarity, to a slight boredom as the play went on. Its theme is bawdy and provocative, but it is also unpractical and monotonous. After my eyes had been filled with the glory of the background and the loveliness of the ladies—particularly Miss Miriam Hopkins and Miss Violet Kemble-Cooper—who were moving against it, my ears became a little weary. It was well and amusing enough for the Grecian women to attempt to end war by denying their spouses and paramours the poignantly sensual pleasures of love until they agreed to make treaties of peace with their alleged enemies, but after the underlying idea had been grasped, its development began to pall. The pouring of the jars of water on the protesting warriors' heads came as a bright relief to so much conversation, and when Mr. Ernest Truex, one of my favorite actors, leaped on the stage in his ineffectual fury, I could have been no gladder to see Ed Wynn. Be all that as it may, "Lysistrata" is something you should not miss, and the brilliant *bacchanale* which brings it to a happy ending figures largely in the current talk of the town.

"The Garrick Gaieties"

THE GARRICK GAJETIES" is therewith heartily recommended as a splendid evening's entertainment. Put forth by the young protégés of the Theatre Guild, it contains more humor, projected with a charmingly restrained enthusiasm, than any straight revue you are likely to see this summer. The twelve sketches are all good with two exceptions, and were apparently conceived on the sage principle that brevity is the soul of wit. They point the follies and foibles of our day in a lively spirit of burlesque, and they point so well that one of them, "They Always Come Back" has aroused the wrath of Mr. Grover Whalen, who is its protagonist

to a pitch where he is rumored to be planning to Take Steps. The department store of which Mr. Whalen has resumed management does business on the slogan that "Anything Can Be Returned", and the underlying idea of the skit is that Mayor Walker evidently felt that someone who had originally come from it must go back. He is shown directing the passenger traffic by stop and go signals, and he sings a swell song about his plight which elicits howls from the audience. I feel obliged to print one stanza of it: I used to be commander of the coppers, And my lightest word made criminals afraid;

But my radiance is wasted not now on shoppers,
And my genius I am squandering on trade.
This hand that handles corsets and pajamas
Is the hand that held the hand of Queen Marie,
But I'm back among the drapers just because the daily papers
Hadn't room enough for Jimmy and for me.

The women who lend their hypothetical prestige to commercial enterprises were neatly burlesqued in a scene which showed four of them trying to select the right bed and mattress in a blindfold test, and the modern soda fountain, at which a wretched dyspeptic was pleading for a bicarbonate of soda in the midst of clamors for chicken livers and for kippered herring on marble cake, also awakened considerable audible laughter. Several more of these skits were knock-outs, but I must sacrifice their synopses in order to stress a feature which I consider the main basis of the audience's evident pleasure in this review. Although none of these youngsters had a voice which would cause Rethberg or Gigli to lose any sleep, it was possible, even from the last row in the house, to hear every word they sang and said. Inasmuch as all the lyrics were good, this distinct enunciation made a hit with me, because when a cavalier is pleading with a young woman to try to be *compassionate* because there may even be some *cash in it*, and when a tyro in a harem asks the favorite if the *incense* takes away the *sin sense*, I like to know what is going on.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"In Gay Madrid"

OUT of the commonplace plot and poor situation material offered by Lugin's "The House of Troy," Director Robert Z. Leonard and Ramon Novarro have managed to piece together a very pleasant and amusing evening's entertainment. Of the two gentlemen, Mr. Novarro deserves the greater credit as it is his ingratiating screen presence and soothing singing voice that provide the shot in the arm every time the film begins to roll over on its back and go to sleep.

The talkies have done two interesting things for Ramon. In addition to providing a medium of expression for his singing, they have also exposed his exceptional flair for high class comedy. In this film he never misses an opportunity to sacrifice doubtful romance for a sure laugh, and as a result you are more than willing to offer your sympathy when he goes in for a little serious pashing.

The girl for whom Ramon yearns is Dorothy Jordan. As stated previously in this column we like Miss Jordan's looks but do not like her speaking voice. This shortcoming is particularly noticeable as all of the other principals are efficient elocutionists.

You are certain to enjoy Mr. Novarro's rendition of "Dark Night" and "Into My Heart Querida." He is one of the few screen singers who never belabors into the microphone.

The picture is titled "In Gay Madrid" because so little of the action takes place there. See it.

"Shadow Of The Law"

ONCE they get an actor mixed up with a certain set of people in the movies, he is there for life. And so we have William Powell, than whom there is no better motion picture actor, in another story about "the law." After doing the Philo Vance series and that excellent film, "Street of Chance," we thought Paramount might let Bill associate with some honest people for a change, but "Shadow Of The Law" finds him back among convicts and policemen.

The story of the innocent man who is sent to prison and escapes so that he may have an opportunity to establish his innocence, is about the same

as the others, even to proving in the end that the hard-boiled detective really has a heart of gold. However, no picture can be entirely commonplace if it is graced with Mr. Powell's presence.

Playing opposite Mr. Powell is a girl named Marion Shilling who is not quite good-looking enough to make you forget her lack of ability. However the star is given excellent support by Natalie Moorehead and Paul Hurst—particularly Mr. Hurst. We have seldom seen an audience offer such perfect response to a film actor as the Paramount Theatre audience contributed to Mr. Hurst's characterization—and the Paramount patrons are not noted for their warmth.

As in all stories of crime and detection, there are several outstanding weak points. For instance, Mr. Powell, who is a fugitive from the law, forgets to remember that certain bank notes he uses were issued by a bank in the little town where he is hiding out. The smart detective employs his powers of deductions and manages to make something of this subtle "clue." Another point for criticism is the closing scene. In the final fadeout Mr. Powell is as much under suspicion as ever except that the detective has become friendly and leaves the lovers in a clinch with the assurance that he will get the girl to confess the truth. If the girl (Miss Moorehead) is as clever as the story leads you to believe, there is no earthly reason to concede that the detective will get any information from her that will help Mr. Powell.

However, it is only a movie, and surely a much more entertaining one than the average.

"One Romantic Night"

ACCORDING to the publicity notices and remarks in the program, "One Romantic Night" was taken from Molnar's "The Swan." However, this is a matter of opinion. Suffice it to say that it is one of the very worst motion pictures that we have had to sit through in months. Not long ago Lillian Gish opened a Broadway engagement in a play called "Uncle Vanya," and several of the critics went into hysterics. We hope these friends of Miss Gish, and they must be friends, never allow themselves to witness "One Romantic Night." It would not stand

the test of even the truest friendship.

As the film progresses it becomes more and more amateurish until the last scenes find the audience screaming with glee every time one of the cast speaks what is supposed to be a romantic line. When the princess (Lillian) says, "I feel like doing something I shouldn't"—or the Prince says, "I didn't know they made princesses like you"—or the lover moans "—with a knife in your heart and a smile on your lips" . . . we dare you not to laugh.

If you admired Miss Gish in silent films don't spoil the illusion by seeing this terrible thing.

"Born Reckless"

IN THIS picture Edmund Lowe is made to stagger through a series of harrowing episodes that include robberies, gang killings, romance, the World War and Mother Love. Through it all Mr. Lowe manages to preserve his composure and good nature, but we doubt if you will. The sentiment is dragged in by the ears every reel or two just to show you what fine fellows gangsters really can be, and the last chapter presents Mr. Lowe making his supreme sacrifice to prove that the love of a good woman can make a man behave exactly like a foolhardy imbecile.

And this business of eulogizing gangsters should be stopped. According to newspaper publicity, and Lord knows there has been enough, there is a fellow named Will Hayes who is supposed to look over films and smooth over the rough spots for the moral benefit of nice people and impressionable children. Of all the stupid, asinine farces, this censorship is the worst. In one scene of this film we see a gangster shoot another through the back, and in the next he is shown going through the throes of mother love. Then the last act depicts the bravery of two criminals who face each other and shoot it out at about three paces. Hero stuff for kids to go home and rave about. To make the film complete, every opportunity is taken to introduce the element of vulgarity.

Mr. Lowe is a splendid actor and he is more to be sympathized with than criticized for having to appear in such a stupid film.

"Born Reckless" should be avoided.

Condition

Oh, I'm kind to maids who stumble,
And who dance upon my feet.
And I don't mind girls who mumble
"Isn't Rudy Vallée sweet?"

Oh, I'm never cross and dour
To the girls who make me wait
Upon the corner for an hour.
—They can even break the date.

You will never catch me whining
If they joke about my car.
When I take a maiden dining
She can order caviar.

They can be at odds with Cupid,
They can criticize my tie,
They may be both plain and stupid,
And my slogan's "What care I?"

They may give me no incentive.
They may be upon the shelf,
—Just so long as they're attentive
When I talk about myself.
—*Parke Cummings.*



"No smoke! I'll bet four dollars the cook has left!"

"How much will it cost to have this
guy bumped off?"

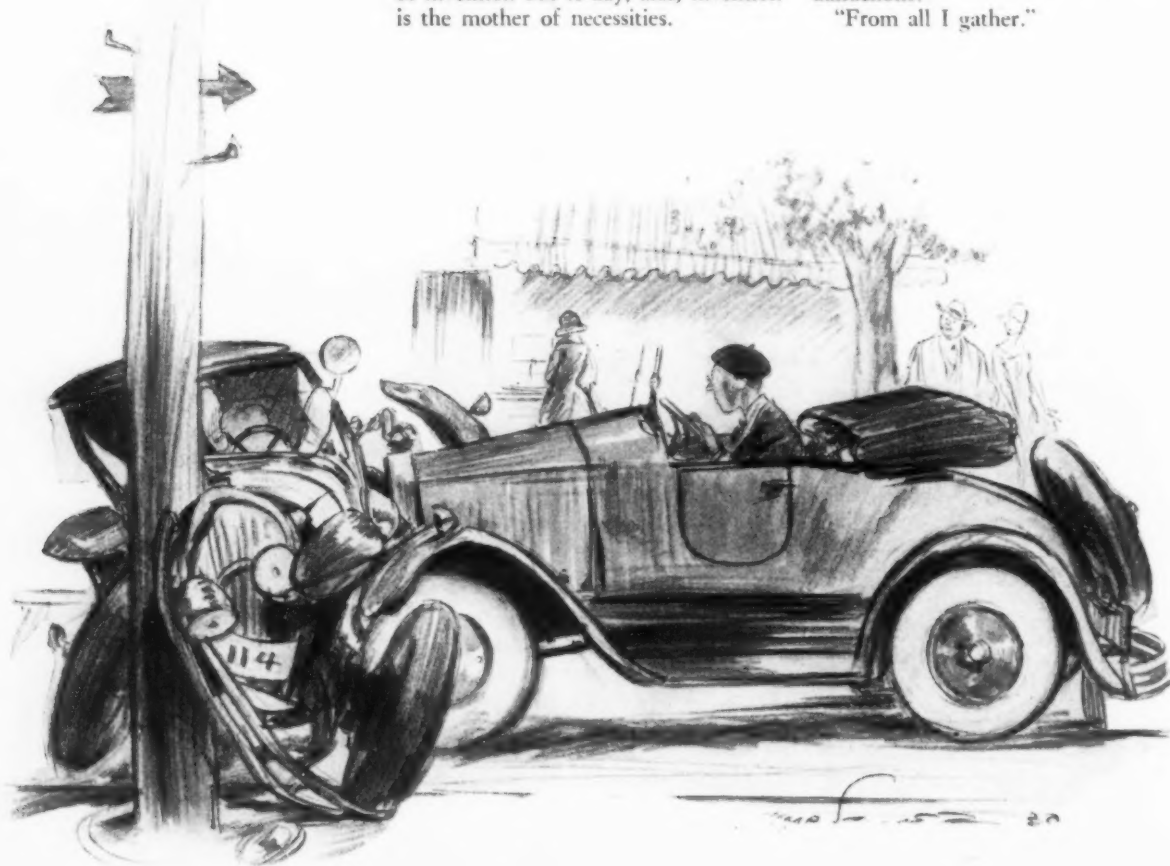
"Shucks, partner, I leave it to you.
You pay me accordin' to the good yer
gets out of it."

Traces of the ancient Hittites have
been discovered near Angora. These
people, now extinct, were the first mili-
tant drys.

Necessity may have been the mother
of invention but to-day, alas, invention
is the mother of necessities.

"Is it true that wine is made from
dandelions?"

"From all I gather."



"Pshaw! I guess it serves me right!!"



"Dear Lord, if it aint askin' too much, would you send me to the Fresh Air Farm this summer 'cause I aint been yet, an' all the kids around the block has been tellin' me how swell it is. It sorta got me to wishin'. From upstairs where you are, you can see how hard things has been for us since Pop has been outa work. But Lord I don't want you to take a place away from some other k'id just so's you cun send me, 'cause there's others around that needs it more than I do, an' I can hold off 'cause I'm pretty strong. If you want a tip from me, Lord, I'd see that the little Jones kid was sent away this summer, 'cause if he isn't, I don't think he'll last—he don't get enough to eat, an' he can't stand that like a guy what's strong like me. Please, Lord, give me a break, but only if you've got enough places to go round."

Percy L. Crosby, the creator of "Skippy" whom we have all learned to love so well, very generously donated this picture and text to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund as an appeal to all lovers of children.

Won't you please answer this little fellow's prayer? Twenty-five dollars will give him his vacation. This sum or any part thereof will be greatly appreciated. Mail donations to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Commodore Arthur Curtis Jones at the helm of his sloop, Pond Lily II, which is trying out her wings for the first time. The skipper is being handled by Miss Nancy Thorne, while Miss Katherine Hammond is dragging an auxiliary rudder over the gunwale, and Miss Nancy Brice, to leeward, is taking a reef in her spinnaker.

Miss George Manning-Cuthbert returned to her apartment at the Barclay yesterday from Washington. She will be at Newport for the Prince.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Hill are undecided whether to have their daughter, Miss Natalie de St. P. Hill presented at Court next summer or put the money into copper stocks.

Mrs. F. N. Goodby of Montclair gave the last of a series of bridge club lunches yesterday because she left her partner in a double of one spade.



Life at Home



CHICAGO—In the committee report just made public Alderman Kaindl mentions that bathroom baritones and tub tenors are responsible for the waste of a lot of water and one of the reasons Chicagoans use more water per capita than any city in the world.

NEW YORK—The periodical "Lutheran Companion" is campaigning against the use of sacred names to denote athletic teams. It points out that this practice leads to such sacrilege on sporting pages as, "Redeemer and St. Luke forge in lead", "Jehovah was conquered", "St. Stephen trounced," etc.

OMAHA, NEB.—When Otto Koerner could not pay his wife alimony she demanded he be forced to give her half interest in a cemetery lot.

ST. LOUIS—I. R. Gaertner, enterprising bill collector, is operating a "shame car", labeled "Bad bills collected", "Why be an easy mark?", etc. With this conspicuous car parked outside his home, a debtor generally pays up in a hurry.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.—The mayor, city treasurer, police magistrate, councilmen, police chief, assistant police chief, deputy sheriff and various policemen of this city have all been indicted for violation of the prohibition laws. This includes all the city officials except one lone policeman.

WILLACOCHEE, GA.—The City Council has gone in strong for "morality". Laws have been passed to prohibit a married man from riding in a car with a single girl, to prohibit men and women riding in the same car after midnight, and to prohibit any one from entering any house but his own after 1 A.M.

KANSAS CITY—Frank Black, accused of stealing golf balls from a pawn shop, declared they were his own and that he was selling them because his game had "gone sour." "Did you ever shoot a birdie?" asked Judge Thomas Holland. "No, but I've often gone duck hunting," replied Black. "You're no golfer," said the judge. "Thirty days."

LOS ANGELES—Mrs. Viola Barton has instituted suit for divorce from Arthur C. Barton because she says he caused her such mental anguish she lost more than 100 pounds. As "Baby Viola" Mrs. Barton weighed 512 pounds and now she tips the scales at only 372. The change, she says, has ruined her career as fat lady in a circus.

NEW YORK—Mrs. Charles Eassey is suing for annulment of her marriage to Mr. Eassey. She claims she attended a wedding as a bridesmaid and somebody spiked the punch. When she woke the next morning, she found that she had unconsciously married the bridegroom when the bride had left in a huff.

And Abroad

PARIS—Frank Jay Gould, millionaire gambling resort proprietor, bought up the entire seaport of Granville to create a gambling establishment to rival Deauville. He declares that "gambling is a business, not a sport or a weakness," and that it is "financially and morally superior to Wall street stock trading."

ABERDEEN—Once again the "granite city" of Scotland retains the title of "the world's most thrifty city."

Among the contributions of a recent street collection for the city hospitals were: Eight hundred foreign coins; over 200 washers; thirty-four buttons; tramcar tokens.

LONDON—The fondness of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester for grilled lion chops has led to some London restaurants including this delicacy on the menu, with the footnote stating that you must wait six weeks for your order.



How it seems to have one unemployed college graduate around the house.

Life in Washington

THE London Treaty is beginning to resemble a great naval experiment, noble in motive, but the Administration's efforts to work it out constructively have produced a glut of ivory on the political market. Moses and Watson, two Republican wheel-horses, besought the President to postpone the panacea until after election, but the Chief was adamant. Borah visited the White House for the first time in five months and came out with a few luke-warm remarks. Hi Johnson called for the documentary low-down on the Treaty. Stimson sent him an expurgated edition and then rushed to cover behind the old State Department

alibi—"incompatible with the public interest". Johnson tripped him up on an issue of fact and the issue becomes: the Senate's constitutional prerogative vs. the Executive's conduct of foreign affairs. At this rate the Special Session on disarmament will be a free fight, with the Administration relying on "General July" and the Senate on "General Quorum."

In the meantime, the original noble experiment is plugging along, plugging the leaks. The Senate voted to maintain poisoned alcohol for the benefit of the drinking classes. The House passed Hoover's Bill to deprive minor offenders of jury trial. The Prohibition Commissioner tried to stir up prejudice against New York's "alien population."

Bishop Cannon refused to tell the Senate smelling committee of his part in the religious war of 1928. Senator Sheppard introduced a bill to make the buyer of liquor guilty of crime.

Over in Jersey—just as in 1910—there is a little cloud the size of a real man, as Dwight Morrow leads the fight for alcoholic sanity. President Hibben of Princeton and ex-Governor Stokes formally launched a Morrow-for-President boom. The drys are so alarmed that the Anti-Saloon League is openly urging dry Democrats to vote in the Republican primaries for the hastily disinfected Mr. Fort, and Frelinghuysen is trying to drag in the World Court, the League of Nations, the London Treaty and the heat wave in his effort to stop the Ambassador.

The veto of the Spanish War Pension Bill was the occasion for a Congressional war-dance on the President's person. Congress is no longer afraid of Mr. Hoover, and his unfortunate effort to introduce standards of pauperism and moral turpitude into the pension system went out the window. The poor man still argues that they were all out of step but him. He has suddenly been assailed with doubts as to the sanctity of that great economic experiment, n. in m., known as the tariff and has announced that he has an open mind. However, the odds are ten to one against a veto, as he is regarded as simply not that sort of a girl.

An example of Presidential tactlessness was his return from Gettysburg. The Hoover cavalcade bowled along the Rockville Pike at a rate which made one wonder whether the legal speed limit was also a noble experiment, with an escort of cycle cops who forced all other motorists to halt in the gutter until the Great White Father had passed. For hours after, people were stranded by the side of the road, wondering whether it was Al Capone or the Day of Judgment. . Nevada has invented a 90 cent execution with lethal gas, but Congress is not said to be worried for its laurels. . Lieutenant Soucek interrupted his honeymoon to try for an altitude record, just like the Administration and the Tariff. . The Indian Nationalists are out of Lucknow and Prince Carol has rejoined the rotogravure section in Rumania. Personally, we prefer prunes.

—J. F.



"Sure we missed it—right before your eyes don't it say it was
LAST WEEK?"

The Family Album



The rivals.

—Reprinted from LIFE, Sept. 20, 1910



ACCUSED BIGAMIST: *I plead guilty, your honor, with extenuating circumstances.*

—Reprinted from LIFE, March 31, 1910

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 30

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A lady in a small town has her way by pretending to be *enceinte*. Funny just the same.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sex treated lightly, freshly, and vastly amusingly, instead of tragically or smirkingly. Best comedy in town.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The dirty version of "Strictly Dishonorable"—but well enough done to excuse it.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—A nice, clean, sentimental little play by A. A. Milne, recounting the trouble a young couple get themselves into.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—St. John Ervine's old-fashioned but excellent tea-cup comedy, with Grace George and other fine players.

- ★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—France hasn't Prohibition, but it has political grafters, nevertheless. Marcel Pagnol's richly comic satire, with Frank Morgan.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mutiny in the death house. Horror to the saturation point, but worth the night's sleep it will cost you.
- ★APRON STRINGS. *Forty-eighth Street*—Slight comedy about a boy who manages his love affairs along lines laid down by mamma.
- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—The Bible story reverently, beautifully and humorously seen through the eyes of simple darkies. Marc Connelly's Pulitzer Prize winner.
- ★HOTEL UNIVERSE. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Philip Barry's incomprehensible study of mad Americans in the Midi going mad from introspection.
- ★UNCLE VANYA. *Cort*. \$3.85—Chekhov's unretouched photograph of Russian life in a fine production by Jed Harris and with Lillian Gish's fine acting.
- ★VIRTUE'S BED. *Hudson*. \$2.50—Nonsense. STEPPING SISTERS. *Royale*—Piffle.
- ★LOST SHEEP. *Selwyn*. \$3.00—A good idea turned into trash.
- ★ADA BEATS THE DRUM. *John Golden*. \$3.85—Stuff about honest folks from Iowa amongst them ferriners in France.
- ★LET AND SUBLET. *Biltmore*—Worst on the list.

SPOOK HOUSE. *Vanderbilt*—What it sounds like.

- ★LYSISTRATA. *Forty-fourth Street*. \$5.50—A good production of Aristophanes' great bawdy masterpiece in which he invents a disarmament plan that will never be tried, 2341 years old and still going strong.
- ★THE SONG AND DANCE MAN. *Fulton*—A revival of the George M. Cohan comedy, with Mr. Cohan heading the cast.

Musical

- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Lily Damita is gone, but this is still one of the best bets in town. Jack Donahue as a member of the A. E. F.
- ★STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*. \$5.50—Clark and McCullough at their funniest, with George Gershwin's music and brother Ira's intelligent book.
- ★FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*—Bert Lahr evokes the season's loudest laugh in a show full of song hits.
- ★THREE LITTLE GIRLS. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Lavish show with calm German music, mounted on a revolving stage.
- ★THE GARRICK GAITIES. *Guild*—The third edition of the younger set's revue. Splendid entertainment.
- ★CHANGE YOUR LUCK. *George M. Cohan*—Negro revue.
- ★ARTISTS AND MODELS. *Majestic*—Paris-Riviera edition of 1930. A revised revue version of the London musical comedy, "Dear Love".

Movies

- ★IN GAY MADRID, SHADOW OF THE LAW, ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT and BORN RECKLESS—In this issue.
- ★SAFETY IN NUMBERS—"Buddy" Rogers comes through with a good one. Flowers for Kathryn Crawford and Carol Lombard.
- ★SO THIS IS LONDON—Will Rogers wisecracking the English johnnies. Good but not as funny as "They Had To See Paris."
- ★THE FLORADORA GIRL—Marion Davies gets some laughs with bustles, plackets and leg-o-mutton sleeves.
- ★TRUE TO THE NAVY—Another Clara Bow deep sea vehicle which will be enjoyed by a lot of people who will tell you what a terrible actress she is.
- ★LADIES OF LEISURE—Genuinely amusing. Clap hands for Ralph Graves, Barbara Stanwyck and Lowell Sherman—especially Lowell.
- ★THE TEXAN—Gary Cooper speaking more bad Spanish. Good dish for the ladies.
- ★THE BIG POND—Not as good as Chevalier's others. Which will not prevent the ladies from being thrilled.
- ★THE ARIZONA KID—Warner Baxter still speaking Spanish. Fair.
- ★SONG OF THE FLAME—Another unconvincing film operetta. For people interested in the Russian revolution.
- ★THE DIVORCEE—Screen version of "Ex-Wife" with a sappy ending. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery give fine performances. For adults.
- ★THE KING OF JAZZ—Of course you will go to hear Paul Whiteman's band. The recording is bad in spots.

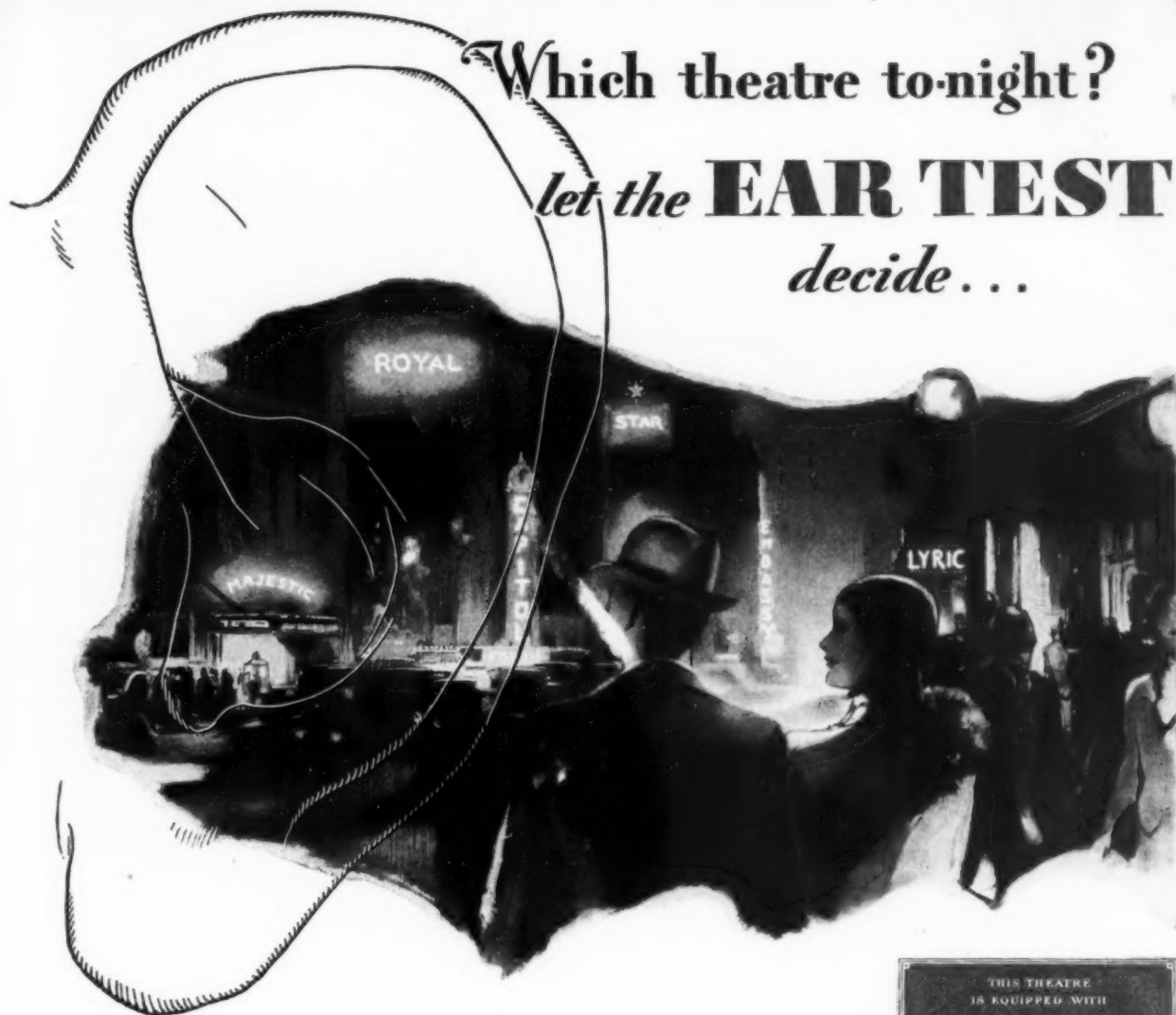


OWNER OF CAR (to prospective purchaser): And to show you the speed I've got out of her—here are the summonses.

—Passing Show.

Which theatre to-night?

let the **EAR TEST**
decide...



Hear talking pictures reproduced **NATURALLY**
... look for this sign in the lobby




"That's my favorite theatre too. Their talkies always sound so natural."

You'll say the same thing about theatres equipped with the Western Electric Sound System. It is made by the makers of your telephone—people who for more than 50 years have known how to build good sound reproducing apparatus.

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Western  **Electric**
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MADE
BY THE MAKERS
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TELEPHONE



LADY (to plumber's boy): What's your master gone home for now?
NEW APPRENTICE: Checkers.

—Passing Show.

"What was the name of the last station where we stopped, mother?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me, I'm reading a story."

"Well, it's too bad you don't know the name, because little brother got off there."
—Longhorn.

JUDGE: You maintain that you threw your wife out of the second story through forgetfulness?

SMITH: Yes, we used to live on the ground floor, and I'd clean forgotten we'd moved!

—Lustige Kolner Zeitung, Cologne.

"When water becomes ice," said the Prof., "What is the greatest change that takes place?"

"The price, sir."
—Green Griffin

SHE: Am I the first girl you have ever kissed?

FROSH: Now that you mention it, you do look familiar.

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.

A Sage Observation

In the spring the crocus,
The flamingo and the dove,
Bother not at all with thoughts,
But lightly turn to love.

—Tiger.

MENDICANT (pathetically): I ain't begging for meself, lady.

HOUSEHOLDER: Indeed? Then who are you begging for?

MENDICANT: Me brother, lady; 'e 's 'avin' a day off.

—Punch.

"What is luck?" asks a writer. When the purchaser of a phonograph record finds that the tune on the other side is one that he wanted, too.

—Passing Show.

The following notice has been posted at an electric station in Ireland:

"Beware! To touch these wires is instant death. Anyone found doing so will be prosecuted."

—Pearson's.

DINER: Why does that dog sit there and watch me all the time?

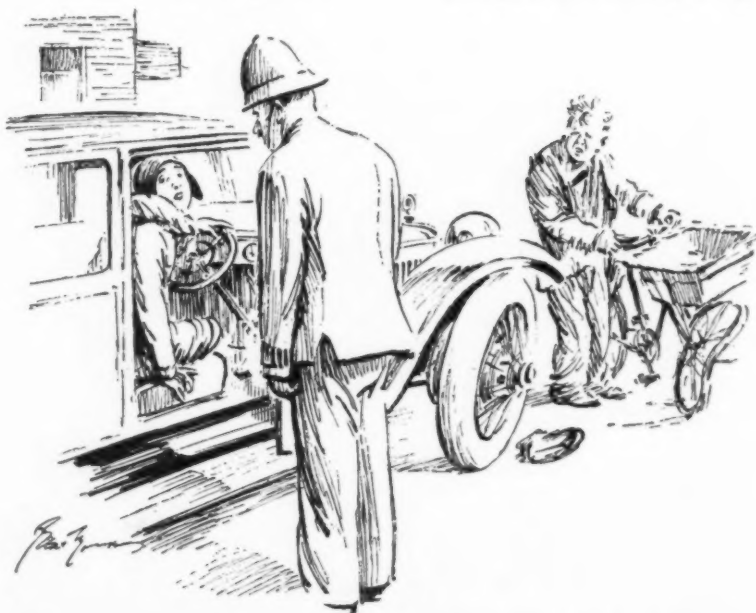
WAITER: You've got the plate he usually eats from, sir.

—Frvol.

"I lent you two eggs yesterday, Mrs. Brown. You only brought one back."

"Only one! Then I must have made a mistake in counting them."

—Lustige Kolner Zeitung, Cologne.



THE DELINQUENT (explaining): Then I trod on this little gadget and it seemed to do something to the what-you-may-call-it. I hope I'm not being too technical for you?

—Punch (by permission).

PERFECTED

TO REDUCE

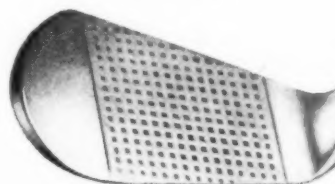
Wrist Fatigue



Those shots that you miss toward the end of the round—shots that ought to be easy—are the penalties exacted by wrist-fatigue ▼▼ penalties that hurt the crack golfer as well as the rank and file of the "once a week" army. ▼▼ Wilson has the cure. Entirely new. Entirely exclusive. Steel-shafted, matched irons—with blades of stainless steel or rustless chromium plate ▼▼ graded to the ultimate fraction of correct pitch—perfectly matched in weight and balance. ▼▼ But to the known advantages of steel-shafted clubs, Wilson has added an ultra-modern improvement. It is a marvelous method of cushioning that keeps the wrists comfortable right through to the 36th hole. ▼▼ An exclusive Wilson feature does it

—an original method of anchoring the shaft in the hosel through a protective bushing of balata. ▼▼

Ask your pro or dealer
to show you.



Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.


NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

FOOTBALL... BASEBALL... BASKETBALL... TENNIS



The moist appeal of the
"Stein Song" can be made
a reality by the addition
of
**PICKWICK
ALE and STOUT**
THE TANG OF GOOD OLD ALE

At the better clubs, hotels and restaurants
Bottled only at the brewery of
HAFFENREFFER & CO., Boston, Mass.



The Laugh Cure,
An Absolutely New Treatment
for Melancholy
Prescribed by
Life

with unfailingly satisfactory results. Allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, all effect occasional cures, but the modern trend is less medicine and more of nature, wherein comes Our Treatment. Laughter is Nature's own medicine. One good laugh will fade out the atmosphere from indigo to a pale forget-me-not hue, while two or three bleach it completely and drive the blue devils away. *LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page* not only supplies the needed two or three laughs, but gives many excess treatments every week, all for the one subscription price! Try it yourself for six months, or try our

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Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40).
Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York
One Year \$5 Foreign \$6.60

Willingdrift

(Concluded from Page 14)

"Banal though 'tiz. Think we should drink to him." The others rose to their feet, Smith raised his glass and said, "Willingdrift!"

But before even Bill, who was unusually thirsty after his day in court, could so much as get a swallow, the pantry door swung open and Willingdrift stood before them.

"Did you call me, sir?" he said.

Smith looked at him. He was rather proud of his little idea about a toast. He said, "Get out of here and come back in two minutes."

Willingdrift did, and the family, always enthusiastic about that sort of thing, drained their glasses and sat down. The door to the pantry opened again and Willingdrift entered, carrying before him as though nothing untoward had been happening for the past few weeks, the silver coffee service.

He served them as he had always served them, even to the point of snipping the sugar bowl away from Bobby. The Smiths watched him in silence.

When the coffee had been passed, Smith said, "What made you come back home, Willin'?"

Willingdrift looked at him and smiled. He was wishing they'd start up one of those good family fights he'd so loved to listen to.

He said, "I had to because all the rest of you did."

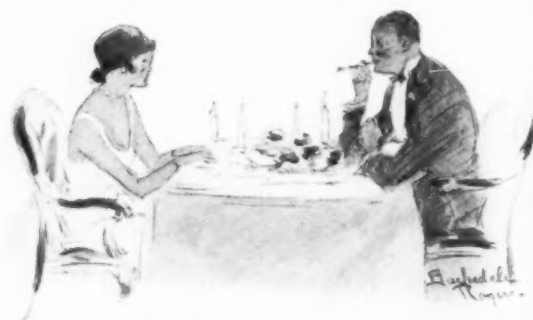
He looked from one face to another, and because he read something in their eyes that made him not quite sure of himself, he picked up the empty coffee tray.

"More coffee, sir?" he said.

"Hurr!" said Smith thickly and then again, "Hurr!"

It seemed to express everything.

—The End—



MOVIE ACTRESS (to third spouse): Darling, cook has taken the most violent dislike to you—I hope I won't have to get rid of you!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 10)

my opponents from conversing as to their holdings, whereupon Mary Brown, my partner, said "Five hearts" with no hesitation soever, so that we must have sounded like a splendid pair of crooks, and the odd feature of the whole business was that Mary had nine trumps and one hundred and fifty honors, which is seldom the case when such a sacrifice take-out is made. And when Pop Hawley dropped in and asked if there was any scandal, Bill quoth, "I hear that you and Harry Cannon were overbidding your hands last night." When tea was served, I did put on my beach glasses, for I do hold that it is easier to be abstinent if one does not have too plain a view of the cake and crumpets.

Answers to Anagrams

on page 20

1. Strike. 2. Ledger. 3. Cigaret.
4. Operator. 5. Trumpet.

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 41



"Oh! What an awful time to wake up!"

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Mrs. Howard Wallace Hanson,
4926 Greene Street,
Germantown, Pa.

Explanation:—"Mourning" after the night before.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Mrs. Max B. Garber,
2025 Allen Place, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Explanation:—"Another instance where the spirits fail to materialize."

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

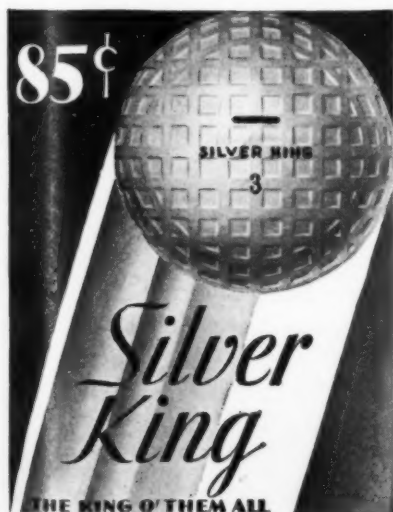
Mrs. Wm. E. O'Regan,
119 Summit St.,
Cherrydale, Va.

Explanation:—"His 'stock' was steadily going up when the 'crash' came."

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

R. A. Stewart,
1815 Hanover Ave.,
Richmond, Va.

Explanation:—"Suffering from broken sleep and loss of spirits."



A New Marlboro Contest for Amateur Copy Writers

Can YOU Write us a 50-Word Advertisement?

SIXTY thousand of America's picked penmen entered the distinguished handwriting contest that made famous "Marlboro, a cigarette for those who can afford 20 cents for the best"!

Now we want the keenest amateur copy writers in America to help us put over our new Ivory Tips.

Read These IVORY TIPS

1. Absolutely tasteless and odorless even when burning.
2. Dry smoke—no saliva.
3. Water and grease-proof.
4. Protect chapped or rough lips.
5. No need to moisten lips to prevent sticking.
6. Give every Marlboro its own "holder"—new and clean.
7. Prevent torn skin and possible infection.
8. Packed tips down—by machinery — untouched by human hands.
9. Unlike any other material so utilized, "Ivory" is designed solely for cigarette tips and made constantly fresh for Marlboro smokers.

How shall we get across to the most people in the fewest words the merits of Ivory Tip and the reason why of the overnight success of this new style cigarette?

PRIZES

You won't get rich on the prizes. But there are lots of them—so everybody has a chance.

1st Prize \$100

2nd Prize \$25

3rd Prize \$15

4th Prize \$10

—and 96 Library packages of 100 IVORY TIPPED Marlboros for all who come within the first 100 to top the list.

WE SUGGEST, of course, that you buy yourself a package of Marlboros before writing about them. Also that you read the Ivory "Tips" in the column above. But there are no entrance requirements. No rules. No conditions. We cannot undertake to return suggestions or enter any correspondence whatever. There will be no fees or payments beyond the prizes. In case of tie, prizes are duplicated. We hope to publish winners — if good enough — for public comparison.

NOT over 50 words, please. Rough layout, if you like. Not necessary. Judges, R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris & Co., K. M. Goode, advertising consultant,

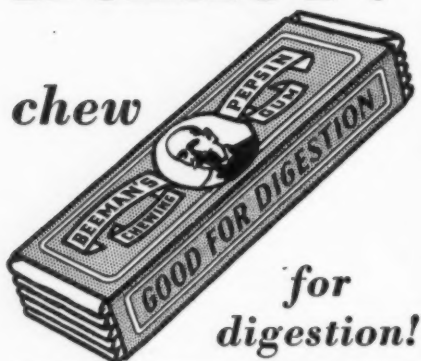
and Lee Brown, of Moser & Cotins, Brown & Lyon, Inc.

Contest closes August 15th, 1930. Send in your entry at once. Please address "Copy Contest N", Marlboro, 119 Fifth Ave., New York.

MARLBORO

Created by Philip Morris

Out of humor?



PERHAPS your food lies heavy . . . you worry too much . . . or you're out of humor!

Then look to your digestion! Chew Beeman's — the pepsin gum.

Perfected 30 years ago, this delicious pepsin gum is still the favorite of thinking people who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

Millions prefer the fresh, keen flavor of Beeman's, the smoothness of it, the quality of it, and the pleasant way it aids digestion.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion



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Censor

I love to hunt pornography
To ferret out the dirty word and asterisk.
I shout for joy when'er I find a nude
On news-stand or some ancient obelisk.
I love to hunt pornography.
Oh I'm a civic minded prude.
Movie lovers
Madly clinch
You won't see 'em
that's a cinch.
I love to hunt pornography
I love to hunt
I love to.

—Ed. Graham.



"Henry calls it a 'goboon'—what is a goboon?"

Danger in the bath tub

Terrible lot of accidents. Be safe. Get **Footsure Safety Bath Tub Mat**. Prevents slipping or falling in tub or shower. Fits in bottom of tub. Patented vacuum cups molded in mat make it non-skid. High grade, odorless rubber. \$2.75 at better stores, or direct on receipt of price—or C. O. D. Circular free. Footsure Co., Inc., AK-34, 407 E. Pico St., Los Angeles, Calif.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

60 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed

Cool off with
a cold bottle
of—

Apollinaris

**Nothing more re-
freshing, delicious
and healthful—alone
or mixed.**

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



**Hotel
LaSalle**

La Salle at Madison Street



**The Best Hotel Value
in Chicago**

In the very Heart of Chicago's Famous Loop
—nearest to everything—Depots, Banks, The-
atres, Shops.

Over 1,000 Rooms from \$2.50 Up
Five cool Restaurants—Coffee Shop—Music
and Dancing in the cool Blue Fountain Room.
Fixed Price Meals 45c to \$1.50.
Garage Service.

Best Hotel Value in Chicago



Books

THE ADAMS FAMILY, by James Trus-
low Adams. *Little Brown & Co.*, \$4.
Four generations of the world's most
irascible and successively able family,
presented in an overlapping panorama
by an outside Adams. What would we
have done without them? is all brought
home to us with deep historical pene-
tration and clarity, in mature, good
natured easy going English—delightful
reading; our best biography so far this
year, and likely to remain so. John
Adams, says James Truslow, "was ut-
terly lacking in a sense of humor, like
most of the family."

THE FACTS OF LIFE, by H. W. Hane-
mann. *Farrar and Rinehart*, \$2.50.
Irreverent liberties with some of our
popular writers, done in the smart
dialogue of sophisticated burlesque.
Requires some passing acquaintance
with English, Russian, Italian history,
and will therefore not be understood by
members of the House. Herb Roth's
comic illustrations add much to the
text.

THE CRITIQUE OF HUMANISM, edited
by C. Hartley Grattan. *Brewer and
Warren Inc.*, \$3.50. A symposium on
humanism, more like a clinic, by a
group of highbrow scoffers, including
Edmund Wilson, Henry Hazlitt, Bur-
ton Rascoe Lewis Mumford, *et al.* You
can learn more about humanism from
this book than from the humanists
themselves. Its high Brahmins, Irving
Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, are
bumped off in the first chapters, after
which the great mystery of what's it all
about? is shockingly exposed, making
us feel like singing: "I would I were
a moron."

CHANCES, by A. Hamilton Gibbs.
Little Brown & Co., \$2.50. A good
novel, by the author of *Soundings*.
Two British lads begin life in a French
school, and their subsequent lives (love
and war) unfolded in a continuous
dramatic story, conventional in senti-
ment, but none the less one on a high
level of story telling art.

—Thomas L. Masson.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters
delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



NOBBY

SHAVING is a knotty problem.
Until Squibb's Shaving Cream
comes along and makes it
nobby.

Then there's never a bump
nor a jolt to the razor's swift
glide. Never a sting nor a
bite to mar your comfort.
Squibb's Shaving Cream is
double acting . . . good for
whiskers . . . good for your
skin. Squibb's brings com-
fort while you shave and
comfort after you shave.

Its special ingredients both
shield the skin and restore its
pliant oils. That makes a
grand difference. For shav-
ing creams, as a rule, absorb
the vital oils and leave the
skin dry and tight.

Ask for Squibb's Shaving
Cream at any drug store.



**SQUIBB'S
SHAVING
CREAM**

**FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE
WEAR A WATCH-CHAIN**



THE world sees your watch perhaps ten times a day. Sees your pocket pen-knife much less often. But your watch-chain, which links the two together, is always on display! It stands out starkly across your barren breadth of vest. It marks your taste unerringly. . . . Look at the chain you're wearing. Is it slim and sleek and smartly styled? Is it modern in design and color and contour? Is its beauty based on sturdy strength? It is—if it's a Simmons! Simmons Chains are right in every respect . . . and reasonably priced. Above is the attractive Simmons Chain 50, which may be had for \$6. You may see it at your jeweler's together with many other beautiful designs. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

**SIMMONS
CHAINS**



The swivel says
It's a Simmons

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 46

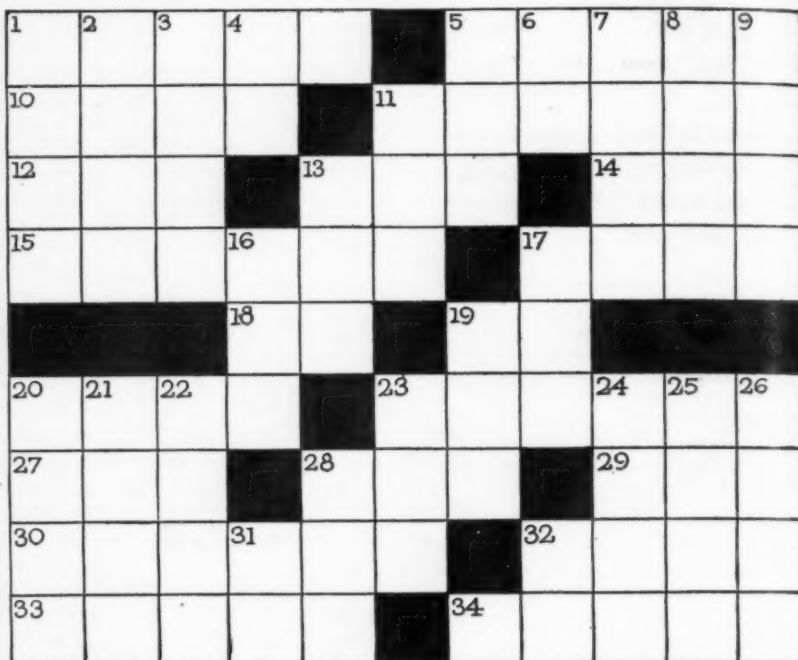
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanation by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, July 11. Winners will appear in the August 1 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 E. 42 St., New York.



ACROSS

1. Dangerous native of India.
5. What the robin does in the Spring.
10. A supporter.
11. Cleans you tooth and nail.
12. "Rolling down to"
13. A night resort.
14. Definite article.
15. Interior decorator.
17. Mexican peasants.
18. Put a bow-legged girl and a knock-kneed girl side by side and they'll spell this.
19. Mother's check book.
20. This may take you to court.
23. Antique hunting ground.
27. A famous horseman.
28. Hind end of a donkey's giggle.
29. Yale.
30. Homes.
32. This comes in with the cat.
33. No talkie is complete without one.
34. A marine architect.

DOWN

1. Leave one and thank Heaven the folks were out.
2. Between the acts.
3. Politicians in a huddle.
4. Railway.
5. A mouthful.
6. Hindu "Amen."
7. Small portion.
8. A repeater.
9. What the littlest chorus girl wants to be.
11. By.
13. A cuff on the ear.
16. A dram of liquor.
17. Perfect.
19. On the end of a dog's front leg.
20. "—, you here!"
21. The most famous one is named "Goldberg."
22. Press.
23. Hot air.
24. Erect.
25. Charles Lamb's pen name.
26. What the butcher puts his money into.
28. Pronoun.
31. Answer the purpose.
32. Toward.

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"For a perfect shaving score every day Barbasol"

"Barbasol makes each day's shave a 'Birdie.' It strokes well under par for the facial course every time; quick, clean, easy—and never in the 'rough.' Every face is a fair-way when this modern and different shaving cream softens the beard. And I like to play around without having to get up a lather; no rubbing—no brush. It's the Champion of all the shaves."

Craig Wood

* Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.



Craig Wood, golf's newest star, who is the present Hawaiian Open Champion, Oklahoma City Open Champion, and who recently added to his triumphs the conquest of Horton Smith in the Professional Golfers' Championship.

IF you haven't used Barbasol lately you're missing a lot, according to hundreds of letters which pour in telling about the wonders of this modern, different, *quick* shave. It must be sincere praise because this chorus of approval is *unsolicited*.

"And the beauty of it is, the razor doesn't pull," writes N. R. G., California. "Rather drive a car without a self-starter than go back to the old brush," says W. E. L., of New York. "No other to compare with this smooth, clean shave," rejoices M. W. in New Jersey. "Soft and smooth; no burning," writes J. T. K., of Missouri, and so it goes. (Names on request if you like.)

It's the easy, quick, *simplicity* of Barbasol that makes millions of happy shaves. But *you've got to use it right*. Try it, men, *THIS* way and, if you follow these directions, *you'll be following the crowd*:

1 Wet your face. Leave it wet. **2** Spread on Barbasol. **DON'T** rub it in. **3** Wet a good blade and—Shave.

You'll think it's some kind of magic, the way the toughest beard is softened; the way the blade slips along—cuts crisp—no pull—no scraping—and leaves the face softened, refreshed. And **DON'T FORGET**, you get that kind of super-shave without lathering-up—no brush, no rub. And blades last longer, too.

It's easy to be a Barbasol believer. Try it in the morning and give your face a glad surprise. Generous tubes at all drug-gists, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.



BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

As a bracer for the face, there's nothing like Barbasol Skin-Freshener. Slap it on face or neck; morning, noon, or night; for a quick "pick-up."

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

1855 • SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY • 1930



"Do over" your bathroom on the Crane Budget Plan

You will find new and charming fixtures and fittings certainly, when you visit the nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms. Also a wealth of suggestions for decorating a new bathroom or "doing over" an old one. Further, you'll learn about convenient terms of payment under the Crane Budget Plan. Anyone can now have

a modern bathroom, inexpensive or sumptuous as the one above, with its Nile Green Ipswich lavatory, Saneto closet, and Corwith bath. A Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer will make the installation. Pay only 10% down, a few dollars monthly. Let us send you our 1930 book of modern plumbing, *Homes of Comfort*.

Valves



CRANE



Fittings

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices: 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago ♦ 23 W. 44th St., New York ♦ Branches and sales offices in one hundred and ninety-four cities

End

